

The
Frances Shimer
Record

February, 1915

Mount Carroll, Illinois

Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO dollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

The Frances Shimer Record

PUBLISHED BY
THE FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL IN APRIL, JUNE, OCTOBER, DECEMBER, AND FEBRUARY

VOLUME VI Mount Carroll, Illinois, February, 1915 NUMBER 5

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Subscription rates 50 cents a year; single copies 15 cents.

Address all communications to the *Frances Shimer Record*.

Entered October 1, 1911, at Mt. Carroll, Ill., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894

Abraham Lincoln

Born on February twelfth, the year was eighty-nine;

No great parade was made of him, no hero at his time.

Born to mirth and sadness, born to smiles and tears,

Was this homely, sturdy son of the pioneers.

Today he holds a nation's love, and towers almost divine;

Today we pay him tribute, and bow before his shrine.

The man who loved and served the best, and made our country free,

Though born so low and humble, "God's Masterpiece" was he.

Attention Alumnae and Former Students!

It is proposed to organize an Alumnae Association in June to include all graduates of Seminary, Academy, and Junior College. Plans are forming for an Alumnae Dinner in College Hall at noon on Monday, June 7.

Dean and Mrs. McKee expect to give a reception to the Alumnae and former students later the same day. The Ben Greet Players are here the same evening. The address before the graduating classes is

Sunday afternoon, June 6, and Tuesday is Class Day and Commencement. A committee of Alumnae has been formed to make the home-gathering a great success. The committee should have notice of your coming before June 1 and as much earlier as possible. Write to any one of them: Miss Sarah Hostetter, R.F.D., Mt. Carroll; Miss Lillian Clemmer, Lanark; Miss A. Beth Hostetter, Mrs. Harriett Nase Connell, Miss Ethel Ank, Mt. Carroll.

On behalf of the School I wish to extend a hearty welcome to all who may come.

WILLIAM P. MCKEE, *Dean*

February Famous

BY ESTHER CLARK

As one sits at the window dreamily watching the snowflakes fall so slowly, the thought comes that tomorrow is February first and that little rhyme rushes into memory:

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone
Which hath but eight and a score,
Till Leap-Year gives it one day more.

Then one spies the big bowl of fast-fading carnations that helped celebrate McKinley's birthday and there comes the realization that, although Julius Caesar seemed to hold a prejudice against this month of February, custom and the stork do not. It will soon be the twelfth of the month, which day, one hundred and six years ago, saw Honest Abe Lincoln a tiny bundle of humanity, destined to be a great President and extraordinary man. He was not a child of fortune, but acquired his responsible offices through hard work and conscientious studying and thinking. The war came upon him with its great problems, but he proved master of the situation. Perhaps he would not have been able to do this had he not had a life schooling in disappointment, a pioneer's self-reliance, freedom from prejudice, quickness to see right and wrong and no fear to follow right, self-control, sympathy, and unbounded charity. Of this honest, humble man, so helpful to humanity, it has rightly been said, "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." So February saw the first gleam of that life and spirit that has permeated and stirred all times since with its patriotism, sympathy, and love; with malice toward

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none, with charity to all, with firmness in right, as God gave him to see right.

Two days after Lincoln's birthday, custom decrees that the young shall exchange missives of affection by means of verses, pictures, and sentiment. It is Cupid's day and no young man or maiden needs any encouragement to make the most of it. Who began it? Years ago the idea was entertained by many that St. Valentine was the originator of the custom, but now it is positively known that he did not begin this fourteenth of February excitement. It began for us with our English ancestors, who assembled every St. Valentine's evening, put the names of the maidens in a box promiscuously and let each bachelor draw one out. The damsel whose name fell to his lot became his valentine for the year; his duty was to protect and attend her. The wiseacres have traced the custom farther back, saying the Romans began it at the feast of Lupercus, at which festival it was the custom to pair off the young men and maidens who should receive each other's attentions during the coming year. It has a mythical beginning, moreover, for one writer says it was brought to Rome from Arcadia sixty years before the Trojan War which Homer made immortal. However shadowy is the day's beginning, we know certain traditions of our English ancestors; such as that this day is the day when birds choose their mates; and that if a maid sleep on a pillow with five bay leaves pinned on it, and dream of her sweetheart, it is the sure omen of their rapidly approaching marriage. Our modern valentines are harmless, beautiful creations of paper, stencil, or gifts of little value, but which are tokens of affection and duly appreciated by the young folk who watch eagerly for the postman, sinking beneath the load of delicate embarrassments not his own.

On the twenty-second day of February we celebrate the birth of another great President, the first and, in many respects, the best. He was born in 1732 in a cottage on the Potomac. The splendid, patriotic Washington has fired all youth with his enthusiasm and love of truth. He inherited two strong traits from his mother—the governing spirit and a spirit of order and method, and it was her powerful character shaping his that made him the man that he was. His life has greatly helped the world, and February and all Americans should be proud to claim George Washington as theirs.

The sun of February 27, 1807, smiled down into a little, new-born baby's face that was to be loved and remembered by millions yet unborn. It was Henry W. Longfellow, the children's poet, who wrote: "The Village Blacksmith," "Hiawatha," "Psalm of Life," and "The Reaper." He was a tender, winsome, lovable poet, and his hospitality, delicate and

thoughtful, to all who crossed his threshold, showed him a perfect gentleman. It is often said that the Americans do not think enough of manners. If the youth of today will look to Longfellow, they will find a splendid model. He, too, has done much for the betterment of humanity, although not in any material way, for a dreary world ours would be if there were no poets' songs echoing through it. We may justly be proud, with our country, of our great American poet who opened his eyes upon this world in the month of February. Like the others, whose natal day dates in February, Longfellow, well beloved, has passed from sight, but the music of his voice, like Washington's patriotism, Lincoln's humor and honesty, and Valentine Day's love greetings, is still in the world, and, listening, we know he, too, like them, cannot die.

Will History Repeat Itself?

BY HORTENSE MANDEL

Let us try to put the present terrible conflict in Europe aside and look back to the results of one which took place a hundred years ago. I refer to the War of 1812. In 1812 our gain was greater than our loss. The war brought us the commercial independence and final separation from European affairs necessary to our national development. Prosperity swept over the country like a tidal wave. The invention of machinery and additional means of travel were two of the most important steps made in the progress of that time. The Erie Canal from Albany to Buffalo greatly reduced the cost of shipping and gave the farmers of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois a market for their grain. The rapid improvement in steam navigation by land and water proved a stimulus to manufactures, and there followed an increased demand for labor-saving machinery. Among the inventions which followed are the sewing machine, the reaper, the threshing machine, and the mower.

Now the question, "Will history repeat itself?" is before us. Since the War of 1812 we have continued to increase our inventions and manufactures until our country compares favorably with, and in some cases excels, European countries. The war afforded a stimulus which awakened invention and enlarged industry. Another war is now in progress. Although not directly involved, we are affected by it. Will we take advantage of this opportunity of enlarging our industries and manufactures? Will we take into account the fact that we have reached a point where we must either advance or retreat? Will we still be copyists of the productions in which European countries excel our own, or will we become actual producers? We import because certain imported

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articles are superior to those produced in this country. Will we now get down to the foundation and work up, or will we continue indolently to depend upon Europe? These are some of the questions uppermost in the minds of the business men of today.

Have You Ever?

By EMMA P. PERCEY

Undoubtedly, you have had experiences which you hope never will be repeated because of the discomfort and, perhaps, fear which they have caused you. But, have you ever experienced an adventure so exciting, so dreadful in its possible dangers, so embarrassingly awkward, yet so gratifying in its results as to be really irresistibly fascinating? And so common in the frequency of its occurrence as to cause no comment in the world?

To be more explicit, have you ever been in a position where you felt the world swimming beneath you? And when the clouds, in unusually fantastic shapes, moved with impossible rapidity in the sky, seeming to descend almost upon you, only to dart back to the heavens again, like the thousand-pound weight hurled by the vaudeville strong man into the midst of his audience, causing their consternation to change to embarrassment when he calmly pulls it back by means of the attached rubber? And when the patches of blue between the clouds turned every color you had ever seen and many you had never imagined? When, before you in rapid panorama, you beheld every event in your life from the cradle to the present moment, your misfortunes and sins overshadowing the distressingly small number of good deeds you had performed during your career? When your determination of what your future should be began to resemble a set of New Year's resolutions and you saw yourself following a path superhumanly straight and narrow? Then suddenly almost without warning did things seem to readjust themselves to their natural positions, making you feel very much as though you had awakened from a thrilling dream? If you have ever really kissed the Blarney stone in the modern traveler's manner, these sensations are not entirely foreign to you.

Gwendolyn and Mary Ann

By ELIZABETH PERCEY

You have all met her. It may have been at home, at house parties, at school, or in any one of a dozen other places, but you have met her. She drifts into your acquaintance, impressing you with her grace and

her stylish appearance. Perhaps you have a feeling of dislike for her when you find that she is the center of attention and that all your friends pay homage to her wishes and that no one thinks of arranging a party or making plans of any description or importance without considering her convenience or approval. You avoid her and wish deep down in your heart that she had never arrived in your circle; but to your own amazement it is but a short time before you also are dancing attendance upon this languid, selfish "Gwendolyn" person. She is the sort of girl who is born to be waited upon and who requires constant amusement without ever doing her share. Simple pleasures do not please her; it must be a new, novel form of entertainment or she is bored and plainly unhappy; and her friends, strangely enough, continue to worry when she is displeased and to think of more offerings to place at her feet. Perhaps her popularity does not hold for many months, at least not among all, but during its high tide other, worthier girls seem banished into obscurity.

On the other hand, you have all met the sort of girl who, although she does not come among you like a flashing comet, wins, by true worth, the deep, lasting regard of all. She is ever in demand because of her originality and her happy nature. She fits her mood to that of her companions, finds pleasure in simple things, and is never at a loss for a way to amuse herself. In all the picnics and parties she is always ready to do her share and finds much joy in amusing others. No matter if there are unpleasant situations or details distasteful to her, for she refuses to let anything mar her happiness or make her a disagreeable companion. The girl who makes her own happiness and heightens the pleasure of others is the only one who knows what real joy there is in this old gray world.

© *Impenetrable Curtain of the Future*

BY CELESTINE DAHMON

Song and merrymaking and much laughter prevailed in a certain carriage of a mountain train marked "Montreux—Les Avants." It was a beautiful day in December and the "Pensionnat La Printanière" was bound for "Les Avants," the great sporting place, there to spend a day on sleds, skates, and skis. Mlle Rod and Miss Sanders, the two dear, lovable ladies who owned the above-mentioned boarding school (which, by the way, was situated at Montreux on the beautiful lake of Geneva), were there, too, right in the midst of the noise and fun. O, yes! they always took part in all the good times and indeed it was they

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who lent one-half the pleasure to everything, they were such jolly, old dears and their charges loved them dearly. These latter, the young ladies, composing the "family" of the "Pensionnat La Printanière," were sixteen in number, and all between the ages of fifteen and eighteen. A more varied "family" would be hard to find. At least eight different nationalities were represented and therefore quite as many different customs, languages, manners, traits, appearances, and dispositions. Now and then these differences clashed and quarrels ensued, but, on the whole, these "strangers in a strange land" were all friends and enjoyed together one long happy year in this beautiful little country of Switzerland.

The train halted and Mlle Rod and Miss Sanders and the sixteen young girls tumbled joyfully out and ran to the baggage car to get their sleds and skis. Then there followed one long day of pure fun and happiness. There is nothing in the world so exhilaratingly wonderful as the sensation of flying through space on skis. And then the coasting, too! Oh, what fun it is to whizz for a whole mile down an icy mountain road, then take an elevator to the top and do it all over again! The "family" of the "Pensionnat La Printanière" was, oh, so merry! They laughed and joked and bubbled over with care-free happiness, with never a suspicion of how soon, how very soon, life's darkest side would be revealed to them.

A year has elapsed. It is again a beautiful day in December. The snow is sparkling on the roof of the "Pensionnat La Printanière" and in the distance can be heard the whistle of a train marked "Montreux—Les Avants." But from a certain carriage on that train come no laughter and noise. What! Aren't Mlle and Miss Sanders going to take the young girls up to "Les Avants" to enjoy the sports while the snow lasts? Let us investigate. "La Printanière" is strangely silent. We find room after room of the dear little school empty, the beds are unmade, the closets and cupboards bare, the walls no longer covered with flags and pictures, the schoolroom, the music room all silent; even the clocks have stopped. In the dining-room the long table is gone, only a tiny round one in its place—and nowhere a single human being. At last, in surprise and consternation, we go up to Mlle's little library. There at last we find someone! Why, it's dear old Mlle and Miss Sanders themselves! But oh, how different they look! They are sitting hand in hand as they used to but on their dear faces, instead of the sweet smiles of former days, we notice the traces of tears! War, that terror of all ages, is sweeping over Europe. The school is empty and the two dear old ladies are so lonely! They

miss the sound of girlish voices, the rag time on the piano, the laughter and singing! The days creep by sorrowfully, bringing nothing to break the monotony except occasional letters from their beloved pupils. But these are not joyful letters to cheer them up—no! They are letters which make hearts ache and the tears flow, for they tell of the suffering of all those young girls whom Mlle and Miss Sanders loved as if they were their own children.

Those same young girls whom we saw a year ago so happy and care-free—where are they now? They are in their homes scattered widely and far; far away from Switzerland, in England, Germany, Austria, Poland, Russia, Belgium! Their fathers and brothers, lovers and friends are all at the front and each day brings the sad news of the death of a loved one. Their joys and pleasures are all put aside and they consecrate their days to their countries. They nurse the wounded, knit and sew for the soldiers, and carry ever the burden of a heavy, heavy heart!

And I—only a year ago I was with them in the dear old "Pensionnat La Printanière." I shared their joys and good times and loved them all with my whole heart. Today finds me here in America, safe and far away from war, trouble, and sorrow! It all seems unreal and like a nightmare that they, whom I knew as so happy, should now be in such misery! Only the letters, ringing with trouble and grief, tell the story—and I pray the Lord that the war may cease!

Neckties

BY CLARA WALKER

Vanity is a trait usually attributed to woman alone but man has one great vanity which surely counterbalances all of a woman's petty vanities and conceits. It is his necktie. Every woman who has seen a man, unaware of her presence, putting on his necktie must be convinced of this. It is the one thing in his toilet which demands the careful concentration of all his faculties combined with the proper tilt of the mirror. First he scrutinizes the shade of his complexion and the color of his shirt and suit. Then with great deliberation he chooses his tie. Does he look peaked or sallow this morning? It is a bow tie of a conservative blue! Are his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright? Ah! that maroon tie will just tone in! And now it is brought tightly around the collar and tied in a very business-like manner. But this is not the end! He must step back to survey the effect from a distance, give it a pat here and a perk there, and see that it is adjusted so that it looks well from the side. Sometimes it is even necessary to solicit the services

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of the shaving mirror. How he falls in your estimation! After all what a vain creature man is!

Were you ever asked to purchase a necktie for a man or did he ever warn you about it just before Christmas? "Now Mary Jane, if you have your eye on one of those sets of junk in a case, for the love of Mike see that the tie is fit for a white man to wear! You know green makes me look like a Mongolian, and I never wear brown! Say, if you get a bow tie do see to it that it's long enough! Why, I've got twenty ties on my rack that are perfectly good only I'd have to tie them in a hard knot to wear them!" After he has raved on in this way you sneak around the corner and buy him a plain white linen handkerchief in a holly box, all for twenty-five cents. The Sunday after Christmas he blossoms out in a mottled tie which brings tears to your eyes. He complains that he received none for Christmas, therefore had to buy one for himself. After you have recovered from the first shock you protest at the immensity of the pattern. "But, my dear," he explains, "these are all the rage now with cutaways."

But do not allow such experiences to make you unhappy. If you have never had to tie a man's necktie you have truly been blessed. One of my brothers once broke his right arm. It was a serious affair and a dense cloud of gloom settled over the household. It wasn't because he had to go around with unset bones since it was so badly swollen that the doctors didn't discover the breaks for several days, it wasn't because he was penned up in the house, couldn't drive his car, or button his coat, but must go along with his cane balancing on his elbow while his free hand clung desperately to the edges of his coat to keep it from slipping off. No. It was because his tie was not tied properly, for I was doing it and in a most amateurish way. I tried desperately to solve the mysterious combination which produced the desired effect, but all in vain, though goodness knows I had enough practice! But one morning at the end of the week he descended triumphant. He had learned to tie it with his left hand and I must admit that in that week he had become much more adept with his left hand than I had with both mine and all his advice.

Although a man may go to such extremes to have his silk ties look right, he never seems to have the nerve to tackle a dress tie. Perhaps it is because it is so delicate and perishable. At any rate woman alone has mastered that art. Mind you, I don't say all women but a few fortunate ones know the secret. Observe the men at a formal dinner or any other affair calling for "tin clothes." There are always a few fat, jolly-natured old fellows whose faces wear a look of content entirely

lacking on the other male countenances. This type of man is almost invariably married, and his wife has had a strict course in the tie-tying branch of domestic science. She may not be a good cook; she may even be entirely ignorant of the proper care of children; perhaps she can't take a stitch without jabbing her fingers; but if she can always satisfy her husband with the first trial on the first dress tie he will live and die a happy man.

Let me conclude by giving a few deductions I have made from my experience with neckties. If a woman would understand a man she must understand his neckties. If she would endure him she must endure his neckties. And, lastly, if she would win his love she must win it in neckties. Neckties are a man's one vanity. Humor it! He would not be human without it!

When the World Came to an End

BY ESTHER FRENCH

When I was young, I was always afraid of the world's coming to an end. There came a day when this fear came nearer to being realized than at any other time of my young life.

It was about five years ago, the time of the raging forest fires in Idaho, Washington, and Montana. Perhaps some of you remember it, for there was smoke even down in Iowa.

It was my first summer in Montana, and everything was strange and unfamiliar to me. After these fires broke out, and, day by day, as the air grew heavier with smoke, I grew more restless and uneasy, for I was dreadfully afraid of them. Almost all of the men and boys were called out to help fight the fires. Some of the visitors at our hotel volunteered to go, thinking they would have quite an adventure; but, from later reports, they were sadly mistaken.

Almost everyone who was left wore goggles in order to keep the cinders out of his eyes. It was not an uncommon thing, when riding in a strong wind, to have flying cinders prick you in the face now and then. The air was hot, sultry, and thick with smoke. The grass on the prairie was a light-brown color, dried up from lack of rain. We had not seen the sun for days.

One morning, when my father and a friend of his were going to take a twenty-mile trip, I, after begging some time to go with them, finally received permission to do so. Their destination proved to be a ranch-house picturesquely situated in the foothills of the mountains on the banks of a pretty little stream called Arrow Creek. This typical ranch-

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house was long and low and made of logs. Scattered about near it were the "bunk-houses" for the men who worked on the ranch. It was at this house that I was left to make the acquaintance of Marie, a little freckle-faced girl about my own age, while Father with some other men rode off to look over the ranch. Marie and I spent an enjoyable afternoon, sitting on the banks of Arrow Creek, throwing pebbles to make the frogs jump, and, after this grew monotonous, climbing rocky hills that were so steep that it seemed as though the cattle grazing on them would surely tumble off. When the gong rang for supper, we raced down to the house and watched the rough-looking cowboys slouch in to the meal. We followed them in, I gazing at them in round-eyed wonder. After they were seated and had begun to talk and laugh in loud, coarse tones, one of them uttered an exclamation and pointed to the window. We could hardly see through the panes. They looked to be stained a pinkish yellow color. We all hastened out of doors where the air seemed to be filled with this peculiar pink and yellow shade. It must have been the rays from the setting sun shining through the smoke. I didn't know what it was; the only thing I thought of was at last the world surely was coming to an end. I didn't say anything about it, because I didn't fancy being laughed at. I wished Father would come, though, because I wanted to see him again anyway. When it had begun to grow dark, Father and the men did come, and although the manager of the ranch cautioned him and his friend about starting, they thought it best to attempt it. There was some delay in setting out, so we had not gone far before it was quite dark. This friend was driving a team of pretty black horses, of which he was quite proud, and he said even if we did lose our way, the horses wouldn't—they would take us safely home. (They were wise horses.) So he gave them the reins and let them pick their own way. Soon Father began to grow alarmed as the darkness increased until, really, it was the blackest night I ever saw. This was on account of the density of the smoke, which obscured every sign of moon or stars. As for myself, I was thoroughly frightened. All I was able to do was to sit there with my teeth chattering and my knees shaking. Still the little ponies trotted bravely on. Soon, however, they slowed down and the buggy rocked uncertainly, and, suddenly, they stopped with a jerk and absolutely refused to go farther. Father and the driver took this good-humoredly, while they laughingly debated whether we should stay there for the rest of the night. A band of coyotes began to howl some way off, which only added to my terror, if it possibly could. At last the driver said he guessed he'd get out and feel around even if he couldn't see. He did this, and discovered that

the horses had come to a fence which had caused them to stop. Suddenly he called to Father to get out and look behind us. He did so, lifting me out with him. What we saw I shall never forget. Everywhere except in that direction was inky blackness, but there was a bright red, awful glow. As soon as I saw it, I gave vent to my terror in one long, piercing scream which I am sure must have penetrated into the hearts of the Moccasin Mountains beyond us. While Father was trying to comfort me, we heard the sound of galloping hoofs. When the noise was a few yards from us, we could distinguish a small light. The object of our attention proved to be a cowboy on horseback from the ranch, carrying a lantern. He explained to us that we were only a mile from the ranch-house; these ponies had been traveling around in a circle. My wild scream had been heard at the ranch and he had come toward the sound to find us. He turned the horses' heads about and started us safely back to the ranch to stay there over night, he leading the way with the lantern.

The world didn't come to an end after all. The object of my fright was the lights of Lewistown, a city ten miles distant, which, blurred and dimmed, shone through the smoke, making the bright red color.

A Change of Pastors

BY RUTH FOSTER

Since "variety is the spice of life" a change in pastors every six or seven years is an excellent thing. It generally proves to be beneficial to the congregation, as well as to the pastor and his wife. What a relief it is to see a short, fat man with dark hair behind the pulpit instead of the tall, light-haired man with glasses; and how refreshing to hear him say "Hymn two hundred forty-five," instead of "Let us sing number two hundred forty-five." We are enlivened just as we are when Mrs. John Jones casts aside the black hat with the gray feather, which she has been wearing since memory can recall, and gets a gray one with a black feather. It is an interesting, restful experience and we enjoy having it. Since this change is so pleasant, people have come to demand it. So every six or seven years we see huge grocery boxes in front of the pastor's house, and read in the paper that he has accepted an urgent invitation to preach in a far distant city. But the truth of the matter is that he has received a request to resign, not because the congregation do not like him, his wife, his family, or doctrine, but because they are craving for something different behind the pulpit, a long nose and a high forehead instead of a short nose and low forehead. Therefore the poor man

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resigns; the members of the congregation give him a reception and tell him that they are sorry that he is going, and they tell the truth; their passion for variety has overcome them, and they are perfect slaves.

And the pastor himself—how does he receive the request to resign? He has been expecting it, for he has been a student of human nature for years and realizes the situation. In fact he confesses that he was about to resign at the next meeting of the church board, even though nothing had been said to him. But why was he going to resign? Did he dislike the charge, the people, the labor? "No," he answers; and the truth is something like this. He was tired of seeing the Smiths sit in the third seat by the north window, and the Hunts in the seventh pew by the south window, and back of them the Joneses, and the Browns in the east corner. What a joy it would be for him to hear a different organ and another choir, and to sing out of books with green covers instead of black ones. So the grocery boxes are hauled away and in the course of two weeks or two months or two years, other grocery boxes are brought to the parsonage, but they are of a different sort and contain things which are unfamiliar to the good women who unpack them. Then, also the man who comes has a high forehead and a long nose, and says Amen instead of Āmen, and keeps his handkerchief in his breast pocket instead of his coat-tail, and we experience that joyful, restful feeling and start out young and fresh for another six or seven years.

"A Portrait of a Princess" and "The Age of Innocence"

BY CLARA WALKER

Environment is acknowledged a powerful factor in the development of character and one can often be judged by his surroundings. An artist therefore tries to make everything in his picture contribute to the main idea which he is seeking to express. No doubt this is why the background to "A Portrait of a Princess" by Velasquez consists of a covered table with something on it which looks like a French clock, a richly draped curtain, and the back of a highly ornate chair, while that of "The Age of Innocence" is blowing trees, a wind-swept sky, and a winding road. The princess rests her hand upon the back of the chair while Innocence barely touches the trunk of a birch tree, dark with deepening shadows. With feathers and flowers in a hundred curls and twirls, with ruffs of rich laces and ribbons, with tiny waist and wondrously wide skirt, the princess stands for her portrait, a tired, haughty, bored expression on her aristocratic features. "The Age of Innocence" seems to have been caught unawares. The eye immediately carries from the

beautiful simplicity of her dress and hair to her face; her hands are clasped in ecstasy, her lips parted in wonder, and her thoughts as far away as the racing clouds. The wonder and innocence of childhood, the longing for the future, and the beautiful dreams which never can be fulfilled are there. The reverence of every soul that is pure, the longing of every heart that is good, the dreams of every dreamer, the faith, hope, and childlike simplicity for which each one of us should strive, shine upon us from this picture.

Developing the Christmas Spirit

By RUTH FOSTER

The one main difficulty in training children for a Christmas entertainment is the fact that they do not seem to think that the program is to be a reality. Two weeks are "loads" and "loads" of time to them, and like all children they do not believe in getting excited until the time comes, so they make the practice a place of revelry and noise.

If there is one person in the world who deserves sympathy, it is the woman who is drilling them. She meets with them for the first practice, in the basement of the church and explains to them that the Christmas time is approaching and that they are to take part in the program. Even though they come for the purpose of practicing, the boys immediately assert that they will not do any such thing, whereupon "the Martyr" pleads with them earnestly, hints slightly of Christmas treats and other things, until they say that they will help if they don't have to sing girls' songs, speak girls' pieces, or go through girls' exercises. The Martyr informs them with utter sincerity that they will not, and they settle down for one brief moment.

Yes, it is one brief moment only, for the piano has begun to play one of the pieces and they shout, "That's a girls' song, that is soprano, I won't sing that." So they sing an octave lower, which makes the song sound like a rumbling thunder storm in the distance. The Martyr tries to make them sing right, but it is no use, they will sing, not soprano like girls, but bass like boys.

The Martyr drops the subject, for other matters are absorbing her attention. There are two boys on the back seat who are tussling over a cap. One of them has stolen it. The excitement spreads and soon the crowd, except for the timid ones, is in a tumult. The Martyr pleads, entreats, urges, demands, threatens, but all is of no avail. She screams and pounds on the table, which is the only piece of furniture in an upright position; but Bill and Jim are underneath and can't

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hear, and the rest of the fifty don't want to. They do not stop until the cap has been returned in a somewhat dilapidated condition to the rightful owner. Even then there is a continual pulling of hair, pinching, and kicking of toes behind the scenes. The girls are the only ones who are quiet; if it were not for them the program would be an impossibility.

The next time the Martyr brings two male assistants with her. She pleads earnestly that they remember the place in which they are practicing, and reminds them of the approaching Christmas time. They act somewhat more manly, for the eyes of the assistants are upon them, and boys are wise.

Not until the Christmas evening do they stop to think that the program is a reality, but then it comes to their minds, suddenly and forcibly. They stumble upon the stage, shake violently, turn first red and then white, and finally leave, when about half through with their parts. In their songs they are so frightened that they can't sing even bass but only look at the audience with expressions of misery upon their faces, and now and then mutter indistinct words. The success of the program lies with the girls, but the audience is slow to realize that; so congratulations are thrown abundantly upon Jim and Bob and the rest, and they go home happy with their boxes of Christmas candy.

Events

December 4.—The Frances Shimer School had the unexpected, but greatly appreciated, pleasure of hearing Miss Florence Macbeth, prima donna, from the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company. It was an exceedingly beautiful recital. Not only did the rich, wonderful voice of the singer bring forth highest praise, but also her charming manner won the hearts of her entire audience. Miss Hagberg accompanied at the piano and altogether the evening was such that it will stand out as a red-letter event.

December 6.—The pupils in the piano and vocal departments gave a recital in Metcalf Hall. The following program was rendered:

Allegro Op. 10, No. 2	MISS McELVAIN	Beethoven
Vergebliches Standchen	MISS MANDL	Brahms
Traumerei, Romanze	MISS FISHBURN	Schumann
The Swallows	MISS POWELL	Coven
Prelude No. 25	MISS RENTRO	Chopin

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The Virgin Lullaby	MRS. MILES	<i>Buck</i>
Scherzo	MISS DAMBMAN	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice	MISS FARGO	<i>Saint-Saëns</i>
Etude Japonaise	MISS BENNETT	<i>Poldini</i>
To Sevilla	MISS MILLER	<i>Dessauer</i>
Impromptu	MR. REEDY	<i>Reinhold</i>

December 12.—The Academy Senior class presented Dickens' *The Cricket on the Hearth*. A wreath of holly pinned on the dark green curtains, sprigs of holly on the stage, two Christmas tableaux, and the character of the play itself all tended to give a delightful Christmas spirit to the entertainment. The play, although old, was really a novel change to every one in that it was a relief from the usual light comedies. Misses Walker and Chester played the leading parts, and they, as well as all their classmates, made the play a decided success.

The "dramatis personae" were as follows:

John Perrybingle	Clara Walker
Dot, his wife	Grace Chester
Mr. Tackleton	Brenda White
Caleb Plummer	Celestine Dahmen
Bertha, his daughter	Mary Brigham
May Fielding	Mariam Flint
Mrs. Fielding	Ruth Crocker
The Stranger	Dorothy Miles
Tillie Slowboy	Gladys Bennett
The Spirit of the Cricket	Catherine Morrasy
The Porter	Elizabeth Sjöholm
Accompanist	Naomi Rentfro

Tableaux—Ella Norris, Constance Sargent, and assistants.

Tableau—The Spirit of Christmas

"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"

SCENE I.—John Perrybingle's house three days before Christmas.

SCENE II.—Caleb Plummer's house the next day.

SCENE III.—John Perrybingle's house on Christmas morning.

Tableau—Tiny Tim

January 14.—Dean Southwick gave a reading of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. It is not necessary to dwell on the fact that it was a very well-rendered recital and that the audience greatly enjoyed and appreciated it. Merely the name "Dean Southwick" tells all that and more too. He is an old friend at Frances Shimer, and long ago his merit was recognized here. His coming is always heralded with pleasure.

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A Musical Comedy

The following account appeared the morning after the presentation of a musical comedy by about a dozen members of College Hall, in celebration of the permission received to make free use of the piano.

Press Notices

From *Gotham Morning World Herald*

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these 'It might have been.'"

The musical comedy presented in the spacious drawing-rooms of College Hall last evening might have been a grand success had it not been for one unfortunate event.

The entertainment had been widely advertised in College Hall and complimentary tickets had been issued to all who could be persuaded to attend. Nine and three-fourths seconds before the appointed time of beginning all members of the heart of College Hall had assembled and were sitting with expectant faces, and with eyes glued on the sliding doors of the ball-room behind which were hidden the artists selected carefully from each and every room of the upper layer of the Hall. The first box on the left was occupied by the Director Celebritessemi and his charming wife, who was gowned in green velvet and tulle. Diamonds adorned the tulle and also her satin pumps. In another box sat the Head of the Hall with the Dean and Director of the piano department resplendent in scarlet and purple. The Senior College class in their evening gowns of various colors and hues made a pleasing sight in the front rows.

As the Director took his place before the musicians an expectant hush fell on the audience, but, alas, as the orchestra burst forth with the opening bars of "The Pink Lady" and the walnut doors rolled quietly back, Mrs. Archibald Montmorency Fussbutton bustled down the center aisle, followed by two awkward over-grown children, pushing a rickety perambulator in which sat an infant wailing for dear life. The sweet strains of music were drowned and the attention of the audience was diverted from the artists, who floated out upon the stage in diaphanous robes, to this incongruous group.

Finally the child was quieted for a time at the sight of a gold watch dangled out to it by a member of the House Committee and at the flashing of a diamond brooch contributed by some Senior for its pacification. But as the brooch slipped down its throat and the watch into the pocket of its big brother the last note of the first act died away in a long wail.

The following acts were a repetition of the first, and if the manageress of that entertainment hopes to get another audience in College Hall, she will need to attach to her complimentary tickets an ironbound guaranty that infants in arms will not be admitted.

(Signed) A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE

The Calendar

November 22.—Professor P. G. Mode, University of Chicago.

November 29.—At the Baptist church, Professor J. M. P. Smith, University of Chicago.

December 4.—*Extral* A real live prima donna at Frances Shimer. Miss Florence Macbeth gave a song recital, accompanied by Miss Haggberg. White kid gloves were in prominence.

December 5.—Y.W.C.A. Bazaar.

December 6.—Sermon at Baptist church by Dean Shailer Mathews. Afternoon vesper service also by Dean Mathews. 8:00 P.M., pupils' recital in College Hall.

December 7.—First snow of the season. 8:15 P.M., pupils' recital, Metcalf Hall.

December 8.—Has the world been turned topsy turvy? For the first time in the history of the School the girls at Miss Dougherty's table ate too much to suit Miss Dougherty and she couldn't wait but had to leave the table.

December 9.—New style introduced at F.S.S. Hats (or rather a hat, to be specific) worn into dining-room.

December 10.—No one late to breakfast (Leno and Celestine were sick in bed).

December 11.—Miss Dougherty suddenly develops a remarkable poetic genius.

An Ode to Gee Wee

By MABEL DOUGHERTY

You're the lite of my life, O, Gee Wee!
Blithesome and sweet as a pewee.
Thou makest my heart to flutter
Every word that thou dost utter.
'Tis a joy just to see thee.

December 12.—Senior Academy class presented *The Cricket on the Hearth*. For detailed and beautiful account see *Mt. Carroll Democrat*.

December 14.—Y.W.C.A. Christmas party. Santa Claus was there.

December 15.—It's almost vacation!

December 16.—The reigning excitement gains in volume!

December 17.—Christmas dinner. Rah! for Nellie!

December 18.—Hip! Hip! Hooray! the trunks come down!

December 19.—Good-bye! Good-bye! Vacation has begun—F.S.S. is deserted.

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January 5.—Back again at F.S.S.

January 6.—Horrors! Lessons begin already yet again so soon.

January 8.—By this time everyone has told everyone else just everything about everyone and everything that everyone saw or did during every minute of vacation.

January 9.—Miss Howard entertains the Glee Club.

January 10.—Evening Vesper services. Miss Kenyon read *Lovey Mary*.

January 11.—Great event in Hathaway Hall! Little "Vic" comes to charm every one with his sweet voice.

January 12.—College Hall votes the following: "A new carpet needed. Each girl will contribute one dollar to the good cause, said sum to be earned by the 'sweat o' the brow.'" Methods used to this end would be an interesting study to any financial magnate.

January 13.—A remarkable new reformer has just come to light. 'Tis a woman and she has found in Senior Hall a near and important object for her mission.

January 14.—Dean Southwick gives a reading of *Julius Caesar* in Metcalf Hall.

January 15.—Fargo-Pierson Dancing "School" starts business.

January 16.—Mr. and Mrs. Dahmen and Miss Morrison give a victrola dance in Hathaway Hall attic.

January 17.—Rev. S. J. Case, of the University of Chicago, preaches in the Baptist church. Dean McKee leads vespers.

January 18.—Professor Dahmen, C.O.D., opens up a tutoring shop. Goods guaranteed to pull the customers through the exams.

January 19.—Poor little "Vic" has a sore throat. Dr. Hartman is called.

January 20.—The whole population of Frances Shimer is preoccupied with the difficult process of dumping one whole semester's learning in each and every head in twenty-four hours.

January 21-22-23.—The tense, still, foreboding atmosphere of exams descends on F.S.S.

January 23.—4:00 P.M. The following notice appeared on Mrs. Patton's door: "All ye College girls, wearied with exams and emptied of knowledge, Come ye to the second floor of College Hall this afternoon from four to five. Drink and be filled with Lipton's tea and Sanborn's coffee."

January 23.—Whee-Whoop-ee! It's evening and the exams are all over. The event is celebrated by a subscription dance in College Hall.

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January 24.—Church attendance very low. Also a general rubbing the wrong way of respective dispositions.

January 24.—Evening. Piano recital by Miss Hohenstein, of Northwestern University.

January 25.—No evening study hour. Each and every soul is on pleasure bent—bob parties, "movies," spreads.

January 26.—New semester. Strong language directed toward schedule.

January 27.—Oh! joy! Little "Vic" comes back from the hospital to the strains of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." Tables changed by process of drawing lots.

Just Girls

Her hair is light and wavy
A few freckles deck her nose
Her cheeks are always rosy
And we know her heart is gold.
She always knows her lessons
However hard they be,
If no one else can answer
Her hand we always see.

She is very big
And strong and tall
The largest girl in College Hall.
We always love to hear her voice
Now can you guess who is our choice?

Black is her hair
Brown her eyes
Small is this lass
But yet so wise.
Stories she tells
In a most tragic way
Whenever lonesome
To her room we stray.

There's one girl whose name affords great fun,
Yes, fun that comes in pecks,
Because, though her name is a splendid one,
It was meant for the other sex.

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Buxom, blithe, and debonair
Merry black eyes, and dark brown hair! Much racket!
Always wearing a strand of red beads
Carrying a camera, and strewing along—
"I have a T.L. for you!"

A plump dark-eyed morsel of apologetic graciousness.

A chatterbox with a half-concealed mystery concerning the blue blood
which flows in her veins.

Airy, fairy
Dainty, merry,
Feminine from top to toe.
Golden hair
Art talent rare
Dost wonder that we love her so?

She's a tall, slender, dark-haired vivacious girl; a good leader, jolly,
and kind to everyone.

Skyscraper height
Seven-league-boot stride
A bushel of brains
And a smile very wide.

Our almost grown-up youngster.

The girl who wears the prettiest shoes in school.

Our School

MetcalF
MotheR Allen
HathAway
ScieNce
Y.W.C.A.
DEarborn
WeSt Hall

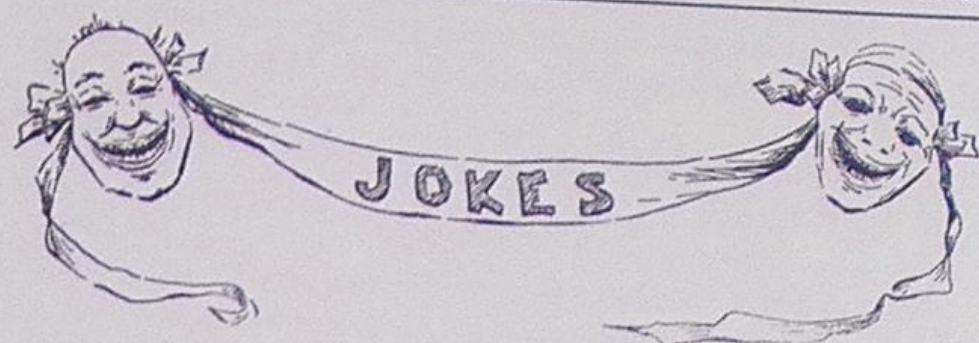
MrS. Patton
College Hall
Infirmary
Dean McKee
ClassEs
BookstoRe Bill

Dozens of signs, advertising catering for spreads, candy-making, dancing lessons, mending, private secretaryship, tutoring, hairdressing, etc., are decorating the bulletin boards in College Hall. You almost have to pay for breathing nowadays. You go to your neighbor's room to have the lint brushed off your velvet dress; "Two cents, please," says she. You seat yourself in a comfortable rocker and pick up a magazine to read. In a moment you think it's time to leave, but she stands in front of the door saying, "Six cents you owe me now—two for the rocker, two for the magazine, and two to get out of the room." You sigh and say to yourself, "Never again will I give my consent to earning a dollar, even for beautifying College Hall."

Small Pox! Scarlet Fever!

Where? In the Infirmary? No. In College Hall. Oh! My! Were the patients quarantined? No, but no one was allowed to enter their rooms. Are they all over it by this time? Well, the signs have been taken down and the patients are apparently all right, but it is feared some may have a relapse. Nothing definite can be told till later. You see, the after-effects may be worse than the disease itself. When will they be out of danger? That is a question we cannot answer. The crisis will come when the University of Chicago sends back the graded exam papers, for you see the victims were "crammers" and the signs, emphatic warnings to keep intruders from interrupting their frantic efforts to down a whole textbook at one gulp.

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Miss Kenyon (explaining to her elocution pupils how any small flaw in the personal appearance of a reader will distract the attention of his audience): "Now, for instance, if you should have a black speck on one of your noses and not on the other."

Elizabeth (tearing into the room just after the bell has rung): "Oh! kids, is this the next period?"

Do you want a joke? All right, here's one: "Leno."

Department of foreign languages: The Spanish word for "fibber" is "Ge Wee."

Latest case of admiration of personal appearance: Florabel on Florabel.

C.D. (on being asked the meaning of the initials "C.O.D." on her advertisement): "Oh! That's my degree, but it means 'Cash on Delivery.' I put it there so that they would bring the money right with them."

Miss Dougherty: "Professor Dahmen, C.O.D. Ahem! That stands for 'Captain of Deviltry.'"

Naomi: "Do you know, there was a tramp in Kentucky who fell into a barrel of whiskey and got drowned."

Chuckie: "Well, he died in good spirits."

M. to F.: "I think you are conceited."

F.: "The idea! Indeed I'm not. Of course a pretty girl thinks a lot about herself, but that isn't conceit."

Betty Wales (in a pathetic voice): "Miss Libey, did you ever read Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*?"

Miss Libey: "Yes."

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Betty: "Well, I think the teachers are just like that—sitting around knitting, you know, as the women did in Paris while the people were being—

What was it they did in the French Revolution?"

The Eternal Questions

Fargo: "Where are those plates? Who's borrowed my plates?"

Tiddie: "How did you reduce?"

After Breakfast

Bobby: "Clara, are you going to walk?"

Clara Louise: "You bet! I'm the greatest 'Walker' in the School!"

Clara Walker (in Physics class): "The three ways of transmitting heat are by radiation, conduction, and confection [convection]."

Chuckie (in a letter to her mother): "Dear Mother: What do you think? I'm being punished for hoping on a boob [hopping on a bob]."

What Makes These People Famous

Helene B.	Her "father"
Marie C.	Her heels
Edith V.	The Count
Jessie W.	His pompadour
Madeline	Her crushes
"Bobby"	Eyes
"Kink"	Ambition
Mary B.	Her giggle
Celestine D.	"Vic"
Constance S.	
Naomi R.	Letters
Helen S.	Her "T.L.'s"
Eunice S.	Her friends
Elizabeth S.	Her shoes
Jessie T.	Rose O'Neill and her "Kewpies"

Exchanges

Since the last publication of the *Record*, we have received exchanges which we did not get during the earlier part of the year. We welcome all of you, both old and new, and rejoice in your various advancements and successes.

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The Daily Maroon and *Wellesley College News* are two of our new arrivals; we are glad to make your acquaintance and will give you a prominent place upon our shelf of exchanges.

The Almanack has several strikingly good characteristics, namely: it is arranged in a very systematic order; it contains pictures of Ferry Hall and surroundings; and its editorials are cleverly written.

The Triangle.—We enjoyed "A Hundred Years" and "Now." You give considerable space to your last year's commencement.

The Illinois Magazine.—Your paper is one of our largest exchanges. We await with interest the continuation of "The War as I Saw It."

A School for Girls, National Park Seminary.—We judge from your book that you have an excellent school.

Picket.—The literary department of your paper could be enlarged with advantage.

The College Greetings.—The Christmas spirit is evident in your December publication. The manner in which other countries carry on their yuletide festivities is interesting.

The Herald.—Your football number is full of enthusiasm. Another story would add to its value.

The College Breezes, *Recorder*, and *Kemper Hall Kodak* have all improved since the beginning of the year. They have grown both in quantity and in quality.

The Young Eagle.—The article "The Greater Light" is a good story and well gotten up.

The Midway.—You have one of the largest and strongest literary departments of any of the periodicals which we receive.

The Picayune is rather brief for a monthly.

The Pharetra has good subjects, well written up.

The Boston University Beacon.—We are glad to receive your paper. "In the Home of the Blue Heron" is good exposition.

At the last moment, we have received the January publication of our old friend *Ogontz Mosaic*.

The Scattered Family

Eva Sawyer, '07-'08, is a Senior at the DeKalb Normal School.

Miss Mary Seaman, '14, has a class in Expression in Harmon, N.D.

Marie Berlin, '12, is a student at the University of Illinois this year.

Miss Marion Weller (teacher ten years ago) is teaching Textiles in the University of Minnesota.

A note from Belle Gale Bement, '11-'12, contains the good news that she is planning to return for college work.

Laverne Burgan, '13, who has been a student at the University of Illinois, is at home on account of ill health.

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Word has been received of the death of Mrs. Roberta Forest Cornett, '92. She leaves two sons, Forest and Gordan.

The Frances Shimer Club of Minneapolis met the last time with Mrs. Loie Kelly Thompson, '01, with a full attendance.

Lucile Hirsch, '09-'10, is at home at No. 3, Louvre Apartments, corner Nineteenth Street and Jefferson Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

Marguerite Higgins, '13, is at the University of Illinois. She expects to attend the summer school there and be graduated in June, 1916.

Mrs. Snow Lyman died at her home in Oak Park in November, 1914. Three weeks later death claimed her husband, Mr. Elson Lyman.

Mrs. Henry John Harris writes from her home in Washington, D.C., that she and Miss Mary Faison Dixon (teacher '12-'14) are having pleasant times together in Washington.

Lucy Wimer, '13, will be graduated in June from the Cox College Conservatory of Music, College Park, Ga. In addition to her course in music she is taking a teacher's normal training course there.

The Chicago Frances Shimer Club met at Mandel's for luncheon on November 21, 1914. Fifteen were present, including two who had not previously attended the club meetings. Arrangements have been made for informal club meetings on the first Saturday of each month, from twelve to one o'clock, in the waiting-room on Mandel's ninth floor, State Street side. A special invitation is extended to former and present students who live elsewhere, but who may be in Chicago temporarily. A number of the members of the club will always be at the meeting-place. It is requested that, as a means of recognition, all wear a knot of the School colors, maroon and gold.

Among the *Record* subscriptions received since we last went to press are the following: Mrs. Gaston Boyd, Newton, Kan.; Mrs. Myrtle Lewis Wheelock, Fort Smith, Ark.; Mrs. W. R. Hostetter, Mt. Carroll; Mrs. J. H. Miles, Mt. Carroll; Mrs. Dora Knight Harris, Washington, D.C.; Mrs. Loie Kelly Thompson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Margaret Fisher Turman, Terre Haute, Ind.; Miss Elsie G. Hobson, Providence, R.I.; Miss Irma W. Boston, Joliet; Miss Effie Shaw, Mt. Carroll; Winifred Inglis, Hampton, Ia.; Carolyn M. Green, Chicago; Margaret Manning, Grinnell, Ia.; Carrie Rosenbaum, Chicago; Elva Willard, Empire, Mich.; Martha Powell, Sutherland, Ia.; Gladys Smith, South Hadley, Mass.; Belle Gale Bement, Kilbourn, Wis.; Lucile Hirsch, Archbold, Ohio; Ethel Howlett, Tampico.

Friends of Mrs. Elva Calkins Briggs, '81, St. Paul, will be interested in the following from the *Minneapolis Journal*, concerning her husband, Mr. W. E. Briggs:

W. E. Briggs, vice-president of the Stock Yards National Bank, and manager of the St. Paul Cattle Loan Company of South St. Paul, will become

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officially identified January 1 with the Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis as vice-president. Mr. Briggs has the reputation of being the most expert banker west of Chicago with regard to cattle loans and the live-stock industry. In the office of vice-president of the Northwestern National he will not only head a department that will handle the bank's cattle paper business, but will direct educational work as well.

Mr. Briggs has handled an annual total of \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 in cattle paper in his banking position at South St. Paul and has a record among cattle men and bankers of the Northwest for losses that are so small as to be inconsequential.

The *Nebraska State Journal* of January 1 has the following to say, which will be of interest to many Frances Shimer friends:

The "Sawyer New Year's Party," one of the most famous affairs in Nebraska, was held at the usual time and place last night, but the circumstances were unusual. In the course of the evening Mr. Sawyer told how the party originated in an impromptu gathering on New Year's Eve in 1889. A few people only were present, but they had so enjoyable a time that he then and there decided to hold twenty-five gatherings of the same general nature. The program has been carried out, and with regret it was announced that this would be the last of the annual gatherings. The program for the evening followed the model that has given so much pleasure in past years. The attendance was larger than usual. More than 150 guests were present. At midnight came the usual period of handshaking, the wishing of "A happy New Year" and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." The last New Year's party to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer thus came to an end. It was quite unanimously declared to be the best of all the splendid parties given at the Sawyer home in the last twenty-five years.

The above article refers to Honorable and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer, lifelong friends of the School. Mrs. Sawyer was graduated in the Class of '71 and Mr. Sawyer is a member of the Board of Trustees.

Among the guests present at the last New Year's party given by Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer were Judge and Mrs. Harry S. Dungan of Hastings, Neb. Mrs. Dungan, '96, sang several solos during the evening.

Holiday greetings were received by Dean and Mrs. McKee from the following former pupils and other friends of the School: Martha Green '10 College, Chicago; Evelyn Simpson Bergeson '12-'13, Bismarck, N.D.; Margery Graham '14, Pueblo, Colo.; Ruth Hastings '14, Wellesley; Madeline Sloane '15 College, Keithsburg; Ella Norris '15, Marshalltown, Ia.; Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Young, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pierson, Flint, Mich.; Elda May Platt '14, Waterloo, Ia.; Veda Herbst '12-'13, Algona, Ia.; Mrs. L. A. Walker and daughter Clara '15, Minneapolis, Minn.; Edna Pearl Ames '00, Chicago; Edna Bruce '08-'09, Des Moines, Ia.; Vera Meneille '13, Minneapolis, Minn.; Ruth E. Baume '13, Galena; Gladys White '13-'14, Mineral Point, Wis.; Naomi Rentfro '15, Metropolis; Mary Emily Merritt '13, Duluth, Minn.; Sarah Hostetter, Mt. Carroll; Harriet Lee, Teacher, Evanston; Mrs. Mary L. Patton, Lady Principal, Chicago; Dorothy Wright, Columbia, S.D.; Maud Z. Hagberg, Teacher,

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New Ulm, Minn.; Mehoi Nobuhara, University of Iowa; Dorothy Inman '13-'14, Spencer, Ia.; Hon. and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer '71, Lincoln, Neb.; Hazel Cooper Lynch '10, Alamosa, Colo.; Faye and Ada Wolfe, Milledgeville; Jeanne M. Boyd, Fremont, Neb.; Vivian Lowry '14, Pasadena, Cal.; Helen Marie Smith '18, Chicago; Marie Valentine Berlin '12, Chicago; Mabel Lloyd Hughes '14, Gurnee; Adaline Hostetter Burquist '98, Duluth, Minn.; Elsie Morrison, Milwaukee, Wis.; Rose Glass '96-'98, Seattle, Wash.; Carolyn Green '14, Chicago; Lola Spealman Taylor '03, Chadwick; Cabinet of the Y.W.C.A.; Mrs. Dora Knight Harris, Washington, D.C.; Beth Hostetter '02, Mt. Carroll; Doris Mildred Leach '13, Minneapolis, Minn.; Oliver J. Prentice, Chicago; Julia Browning Hickman '14 College, Benton; Arlyn Hausen '11-'12, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.; Mary Faison Dixon, Washington, D.C.; Marie F. Comstock '16 College, Shelbyville, Ind.; Grace R. Pierson, Trumansburg, N.Y.; Constance Sargent '15, Galesburg; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hostetter '78, Mt. Carroll; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Le Pelley, Freeport; Eugenia Aranoff '18, Chicago; Coventry Platt '16, Chicago; Mabel Dougherty '13 College, Evanston; Mrs. Edward Mann, Palatka, Fla.; Mrs. Isabel D. Hazzen, Lynn, Mass.; Emma and Elizabeth Percy '16, Oshkosh, Wis.; Winifred Inglis '16, Hampton, Ia.; Marie Melgaard '15 College, Argyle, Minn.

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